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A
R E P L Y

TO THE LETTER OF

EDMUND BURKE, Esq.

TO A

NOBLE LORD.

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

Late Fellow of Jesus-College, Cambridge.

A NEW EDITION.

Nunc face suppositâ fervercit sanguis, et irâ
Scintillant oculi; dicisque, facisque, quod ipse
Non sani esse hominis non sanus juret Orestes.

PERSIUS.

Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day.
The whole amount of this enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame.

POPE.

L O N D O N:

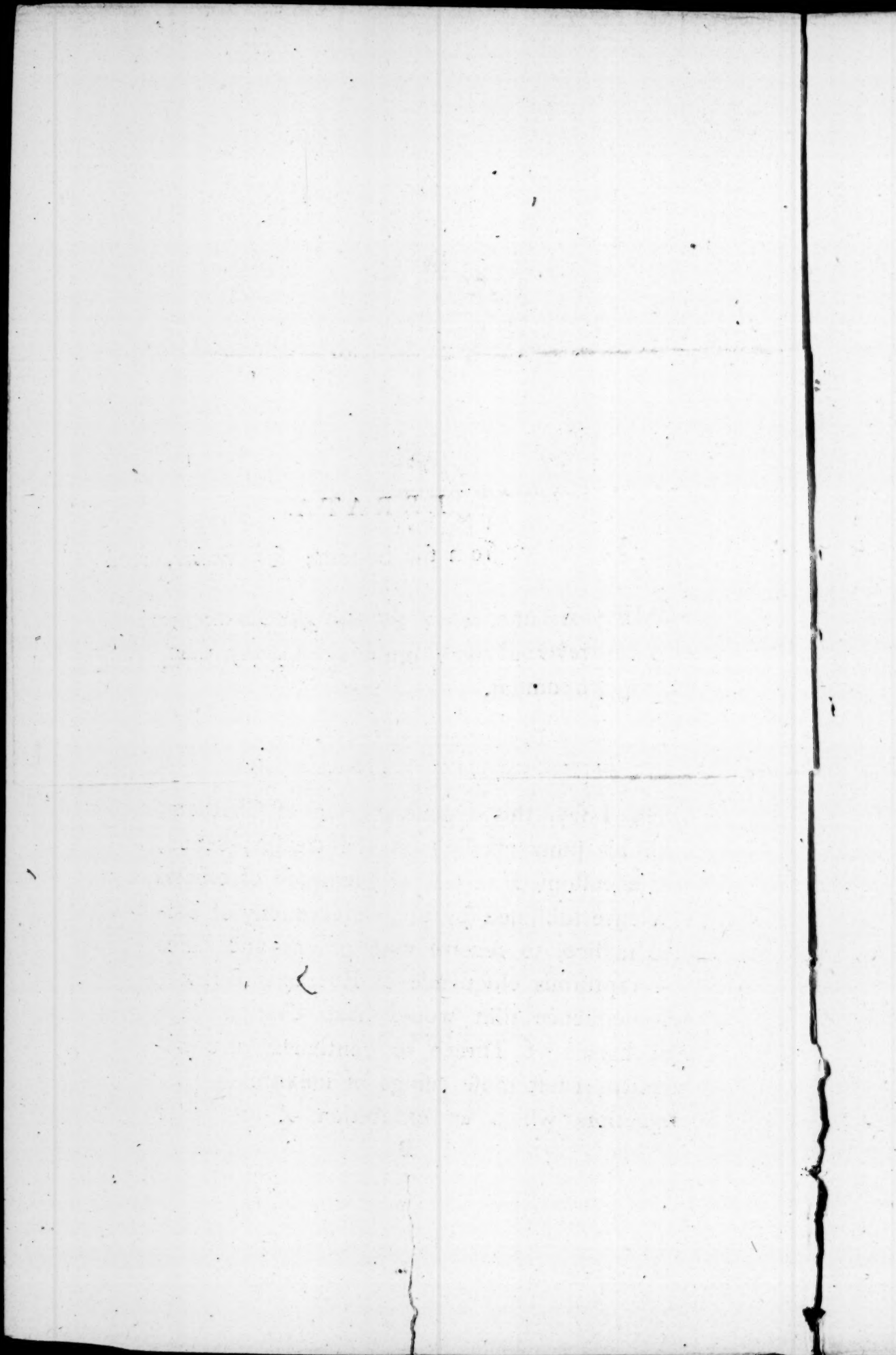
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ERRATA.

P. 5. l. 7. from the bottom; for *readers*, read *venders*.

P. 46. l. 11. read: *all the artillery of—Heaven against France*: omitting the words in the parenthesis.



A

REPLY, &c.

SOME years ago, when the son of Chatham, who has reversed with ignoble accuracy that affecting circumstance of the poet,

—— Dignus patriis qui lætior esset
Imperiis, et cui pater haud Mezentius esset;

when, I say, this degenerate son of Chatham, with his puny assessors on the treasury-bench, was accustomed, in all the plenitude of official insolence sublimed by all the acrimony of baffled malice, to receive with groans and hisses the rapturous eloquence of EDMUND BURKE, an eloquence that would have charmed the Bacchanals of Thrace to gentleness and humanity; I felt those risings of inexpressible indignation, which an exhibition of unrivalled

B

Genius

Genius and consummate Virtue, spurned by the hoofs of Venality and Barbarism, would excite in the bosom of Sensibility. Some ebullitions of resentment, some sallies of vexation, some digressions of complacent vanity, should have been conceded to a long career of patriotic services, to extraordinary accomplishments of intellect, to an universal elegance of literature, and to a conspicuous, but pardonable, consciousness of high desert. All but barbarians, unknown to letters and estranged from humanity, would have weighed the failings of the man with the supreme endowments of the orator, and have found those but as the dust of the balance in competition. A youthful tribe, just emancipated from scholastic discipline, might have reflected also, if unimpressed by better motives, on those ingenuous times of virtuous antiquity, when a precedency of years claimed, and received, the veneration of a father*. But scanty was their virtue, and "ears to rapture"

* Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
 Si juvenis vetulo non affurrexerat, et si
 Barbato cuicunque puer; licet ipse videret
 Plura domi fraga, et majores glandis acervos.
 Tam venerabile erat præcedere quatuor annis,
 Primaque par adeo sacrae lanugo senectæ.

Juv. xiii. 54.

were

were not their portion. Accordingly, no incident of a similar complexion ever gave me more concern, as far as a sequestered and antiquated student can be supposed accessible to such extraneous occurrences, than the defection of Edmund Burke from those principles of political attachment, which had regulated the tenour of his life, and constituted the materials of his glory. For myself, I have ever been inclined to put a construction on this reverse of conduct, that should encroach with less inroad on his virtue, than men of sentiments congenial with my own. I considered what qualification should be made in behalf of a wounded spirit, indignant at the ingratitude and insensibility of his fellow-citizens, who could abandon their faithful leaders in the decline of influence, and hasten with the mercenary salutations of servility to "the rising morn." I conceived, that the dereliction of his plan was partly imputable to a deficiency in the genuine love of truth, and partly to an operation of false shame, not possessed of sufficient magnanimity to retract those indefensible positions, extorted from a better judgement by the impetuosity of passion, the offspring of instantaneous vexation on that irritability of temper, which is too frequently inseparable concomitant of refined feeling and exalt-

ed genius. His situation reminded me of the unhappy mother, in the poet :

Και μανθανω μεν οια τολμησω κακα,
Θυμος δε κρειστων των εμων βελευματων *.

But, as William Whiston somewhere says in his memoirs, with his customary frankness and simplicity, that he took frequent opportunities of expostulating with the Bishops, and reproving them, for their repeated marriages, in violation forsooth ! of the express injunctions of the *apostolical constitutions* ; and received but *small thanks* for his pains : so many will be disposed to cherish

* Eurip. Med. 1078, which, for the benefit of the country gentlemen, who have not enjoyed such opportunities of learning Greek as my Lord Belgrave and I, may be represented in the words of Ovid :

Sed trahit invitam nova vis ; aliudque cupido,
Mens aliud suadet. Video meliora, proboque ;
Deteriora sequor. Met. vii. 19.

and for the accommodation of those, who live still more remote, at the extremities of Wales or the north of Scotland, I shall subjoin principally the simple version of Tate and Stonestreet :

A strong desire my yielding soul invades ;
And passion this, and conscience that persuades.
I see the right, and I approve it too ;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

no

no very elevated conception of my candour in this construction on the political deportment of Mr. Burke. That he is chargeable, however, with a relinquishment of his established political character, not only in my opinion, but the judgement of the world at large, is demonstrable, I think, from one indisputable fact. "Who reads Bolingbroke now? Who ever did read him through? He is gone to the vault of all the Capulets:" or equivalent words, were the lively farcastic triumph of our accomplished writer over the deistical remains of that renowned nobleman. I also may say, "Who reads Burke? Who ever has read him through?" His mighty quartos, replete as they are with all the illuminations of philosophic truth, with all the enchanting extravagances of the brightest fancy, with the spangles of metaphor, the coruscations of wit, and the blaze of eloquence; these quartos, I say, with their inexhaustible stores of instruction, delight, and rapture, lie neglected on the shelf, an incumbrance to the readers, the receptacle of cobwebs, and the feast of worms. Yet the solution of this extraordinary phenomenon is obvious and unquestionable. The new Tories and *old Whigs*, the present admirers and partisans of Mr. Burke, can take no pleasure in "his tales of other times," in the thunder of that

oratory, which was once launched by him and his compatriots at the devoted head of Lord North and the abettors of American subjugation; nor in those axioms of constitutional liberty and political justice, breathing benevolence to mankind, and raising the philanthropy of their author to the sublime level of his intellect. This class of readers are confronted in every page with positions and principles, that were never *theirs*, and are now no longer *his*. They are offended by the hostilities of argument in the *writer*, and feel themselves unable to suppress the silent impulse of indignant nature and revolting virtue at the enormous inconsistency of the *man*, on contrasting his present exertations with his former efforts *. The *new Whigs* are too violently irritated by the sense of his desertion to contemplate with complacency in his works the abdicated tenets of a lost, deserted patriot. Thus, between both parties, these fruits of genius are abandoned altogether, and sleep in peace, waiting the removal of the present occupants, when, upon easier terms to the phlegmatic purchaser, they will, without the seasonable charms of novelty,

* Hei mihi ! qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore !

If thou bee'st he—but oh ! how fall'n ! how chang'd
From him— !

Demand

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.

Ask the bookfellers: they will shake their heads,
and confirm my statement. These ill-fated volumes may be suitably compared, with respect to the present and past admirers of Mr. Burke, to the punishments of Mezentius:

Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Componens manibusque manus, atque oribus ora.

For the *later* writings of our author are to one the putrid carcase, that is unfavoury in their nostrils, and contaminates their enjoyment; his *former* writings are that carcase to the other. This mighty genius was once the admiration of *both* parties for his eloquence and his virtue: he is certainly this day but the darling of *one* at most, for his eloquence alone.

Besides, an indifference to truth, or at least but a dull perception of her charms, is not obscurely intimated even by the title of one book, *An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*. The first question, obvious and natural, which I asked, when I read this title, and which Mr. Burke should have asked himself before he wrote it, was: "Of what comparative importance are

“ the sentiments of the *old Whigs*, or of the
 “ *new ?*” The proper inquiry, in every instance,
 is this alone, “ Where is truth, moral and
 “ political, to be found ?” With *arguments* surely,
 and not with *noses*. It appears to me, that some-
 thing is essentially wrong in the intellectual con-
 stitution of that writer, who makes his Gothic
 appeal to the fallible judgements of a party ; and
 weighs, not the cogency of reasons, but the ex-
 ternal characters of men.

After these preliminary observations, which
 may contribute, as their intention is, to con-
 vince the reader of my freedom from all personal
 bias, unfavourable to Mr. Burke, on this occa-
 sion ; I proceed to the pamphlet itself, which did
 not reach me, and that casually, before this
 day, February 26.

“ To be ill spoken of, in whatever language
 “ they speak, by the zealots of the new sect in
 “ philosophy and politicks, of which these no-
 “ ble persons think so charitably, and of which
 “ others think so justly, to me, is no matter of
 “ uneasiness or surprise.”

Now these “ zealots of the new sect in philo-
 “ sophy and politicks,” to define them in the
 most

most malignant latitude of acceptation, are those who build on the natural equality of the human race, and the unaffailable principles of universal justice, the claim of every citizen in a community, to an equal enjoyment of privilege and protection, and the reasonable comforts of society in proportion to his diligence and worth. But is this a *new sect*, and are their *principles* also *new*? Mr. Burke! you are a scholar; well versed, I believe, in the writings of the great geniuses of antiquity. You are yourself comparable, as a man of exuberant conception and splendid eloquence, to the noblest of them all. Will you condescend to inform me, in what celebrated author of Greece or Rome, whether poet, philosopher, or historian, we do not find such principles of universal liberty, blended alike with an acrimonious abhorrence of servility and usurpation, inculcated with enthusiastic ardour and sedulous anxiety? Shall I remind you of a sentiment in Homer, that morning star of literature to the heathen world?

Ἡμῖσι γὰρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαινύται εὐρύσσω Ζεὺς

Ἀνερῶ, εὐτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἥμαρ ἔλθῃσιν*.

* Od. K. 322. Or, as Pope well renders:

Jove fixt it certain, that the fatal day,

Which makes men slaves, takes half their worth away.

He

He would have seen, that, in a country like our's, in spite of those *unspeakable* and *undescribable* blessings, a *free parliament*, and a *glorious constitution* in church and state ; he would have seen, I say, through this fog of nominal imposition and insufferable insult, that the greater part of society, who can scarcely provide for mere animal subsistence, are *necessarily slaves* ; mere dependents on the capricious bounties of their superiours, and of course exposed to all those vices, which are connected with abject subordination, with laborious employments that preclude intellectual improvement, the purest handmaid of morality ! with those degrading accommodations, that sink a man in his own esteem, and shut out the vivifying influence of generous and exalted sentiment.

Again : to pass over a long list of illustrious heroes through many centuries, even Virgil, who was indebted, not for subsistence only, but for life, to the favour of an arbitrary prince, never abandoned that magnanimity of soul and rectitude of thought, congenial to a Roman spirit. He dared to proclaim *the loveliness of liberty* in the face of his saviour, his benefactor, and his sovereign :

——— natosque pater, nova bella moventes,
 Ad pœnam pulchrâ pro libertate vocabit.
 Infelix ! Utcumque ferent ea facta minores,
 Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido *.

He not only states the fact, you see, in the garb of engaging language, but vindicates and extols the motive : eternising the father, who doomed his sons to death for conspiring to reinstate an exiled monarch in his throne, and dissolve DEMOCRACY ! These are the heralds of equality and liberty in ancient times. From Edmund Burke and the *new Whigs* of our days, I appeal to these *antiquated Whigs* of Athens and of Rome.

Indeed, I know not, if any topic of meditation has been productive to my mind of more surprise, and of regret, and shame, and horror, commensurate to that surprise, than what arises

* Æn. vi. 82 r. Thus translated diffusely, but with incomparable elegance, by Pitt :

His sons, who arm the Tarquins to maintain,
 And fix oppression in the throne again,
 He nobly yields to justice, in the cause
 Of sacred Freedom, and insulted laws.
 Though harsh th' unhappy father may appear,
 The judge compels the fire to be severe ;
 And the fair hopes of fame the patriot move
 To sink the private in the public love.

from an observation of those youths of family and fortune, who have received their education in our public schools and universities. The study of these authors in question forms the chief occupation of their time: they read the most approved of them, pregnant with the cœlestial fire of freedom in their sentiments, in all the charms of melodious verse, and all the prodigality of grand expression, even to the solicitude of imprinting them with exact fidelity on their memories; but, strange to tell, and hideous to believe! without transfusing the vigour of their precepts into their own lives and conversations. The pure stream of sober political equality, imbibed at these sacred fountains, passes through their bosoms, as the fabulous river through the ocean*; neither intermingling it's current, nor imparting in the transit the slightest flavour of it's qualities. From the democratical invectives of Demosthenes and the fervid vehemence of Lucan, that true hierophant of liberty, these unaccountable votaries of the classic ages cringe at court with fulsome adulation, sell their services of ignominy to a jobbing minister, and barter for fordid gold their own virtue, the rights of

* Sic tibi, cum fluctus subterlabere Sicanos
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam

their

their countrymen, and the well-being of the human race.

“ It is soothing to my wounded mind, to be
 “ commended by an able, vigorous, and well-
 “ informed statesman, and at the very moment
 “ when he stands forth with a manliness and re-
 “ solution, worthy of himself and of his cause,
 “ for the preservation of the person and govern-
 “ ment of our Sovereign, and therein for the se-
 “ curity of the laws, the liberties, the morals,
 “ and the lives of his people.”

Suppose then we vary the direction of our survey: suppose we put on, for the amusement of a few minutes only, our retrospective spectacles, and contemplate the vast achievements of this wonder-working statesman, Lord Grenville, in the bold prominence of irrefragable facts: a statesman, whose insolence, I think, is of a fabric, for obduracy, beyond that of his compatriot and coadjutor, EXISTING CIRCUMSTANCES, I mean, in the House of Commons; who was heretofore my Coryphæus in this respect, the undoubted and legitimate heir of the Cibberian forehead of our fathers:

The genuine master of the sevenfold face!

This

This man and his compeers *set out* with a design to partition and plunder France and her dominions; to restore priesthood to her stalls, aristocracy to her privileges, and monarchy to her throne: he *concludes* his course with a willingness to sign the eternal death-warrant of priesthood, nobility, and royalty in that kingdom, and to acknowledge the establishment of a republic on their ruins. The only obstacle now is, (a circumstance supremely laughable to me, but transcendently ignominious to this paragon of statesmen) not whether France is to be partitioned and CONQUERED, but whether she shall preserve her CONQUESTS!

————— *risum teneatis, amici?*

The pretended *motives* to this war (for the *real* motives were, beyond all controversy, the suppression of a reforming spirit in the societies at home, and an actual hostility against the happiness and liberties of Englishmen) the pretended motives, I say, were the preservation of property against republicans and levellers, and the maintenance of social order and religion. The issue has been a reduction of his own country to the extremity of distress, so as to endanger the very existence of our government, and all property most effectually, by the probability in no long time

time of a national bankruptcy, with or without a continuance of the war ; whilst the poor are perishing in our streets with famine, and placemen, jobbers, and contractors are glutting their insatiable rapacity with the vitals of their agonising country. The *means* also to this issue have been a prodigious complication of crimes and miseries, unexampled in the annals of our species. Europe and the Indies have been converted into one vast slaughter-house, in whose horrid precincts two millions of human beings have been immolated to the Moloch of English ministers, for the preservation truly ! of the faith of Jesus, and for the honour of Jehovah ! The professors of a religion, which breathes grace, and mercy, and peace, unlimited and undistinguishing, to all the children of mortality, have thundered, at the command of secular superiours, their impious anathemas against French republicans, and poured their imprecations of vengeance and extermination to the Father of all flesh, to the God of love and mercy : that God, who *then*, as those very republicans *now*, “ laughed them to scorn, and had them in derision.”

What a reverse is here ! What projects, what means, and what an issue to this series of vast transactions !

transactions ! Is it possible for the language and capacities of man to set forth this singularity of events, this wonderful, but glorious, catastrophe, in any terms of emphasis and significance, beyond the efficacy of an unadorned statement ? Were even the domineering talents of Mr. Burke to exert all their energies in the exhibition of this mighty subject, we should still say, *Materies superabat opus !* the highest flights of eloquence sink beneath the task, and are beggared, with all their exaggeration, by the plain materials. Such, gentle reader ! is the result of this same Lord Grenville's political exertations ! such are the blessed fruits, such the incalculable benefits, of the manliness and resolution of this "able, vigorous, and well-informed statesman ;" benefits and blessings, characterised by Mr. Burke himself with an unexceptionable accuracy of phrase, and that strict propriety of terms, that extorts even my assent ; as WORTHY OF HIM AND OF HIS CAUSE *. Could we wish a severer punishment to our bitterest enemy †, than

* Dignus imperator legione Martiâ, digna legio imperatore. Cicero.

† Magne pater divum, fœvos punire tyrannos
Haud aliâ ratione velis ! - - - - -
Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ.

PERS. Sat. iii. 35.

the

the complex sensations arising at once from the flagitious productions of those scenes of horror, and the most complete discomfiture of such audacious hectoring, such frantic impotence of malice?

——— Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, et illa
Efferata vis animi?

Mindful of the two great professors of the poetic art, lately summoned for another purpose; were the resuscitation of *one man* as easy to me, as the transportation of *myriads* in Charon's wherry over that irremeable stream is to certain ministers, I would call up the shade of Homer to reprove Mr. Burke, with accents of sympathetic sorrow over deluded zeal and prostituted homage, in return for such unseasonable and outrageous panegyric:

Αἰρεῖδῃ, ποῖον σὲ ἐπὶς φέρκει ἔρκος ὁδοῦτων;

And the same vivifying caduceus should summon Virgil from the bowers of Elysium, to address the incomparable subject of the same panegyric, on his political wisdom and success:

Ah! Corydon! Corydon! quæ te dementia cepit?

And with this distribution of poetic justice, I close the present series of my remarks.

C

“ They

“ They unplumb the dead for bullets to
“ assassinate the living.”

I select for animadversion but this little clause only, from one of the sublimest invectives that was ever poured forth by the phrenzy of irritated genius from the fount of eloquence. Oh! that such splendid diction, such profusion of living imagery, such vigour of conception, such fertility of fancy, such magnificence of composition,

“ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,”
were mantled in the sacred habiliments of Truth!

A fairer person lost not heaven: he seem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason.

Now let us previously state the circumstances of relation between the allied powers and the French, to assist our judgement on this bold charge of *assassination* against the detested republicans.

A populous and powerful nation resolve on a new modification of their government, and limit the regal power by certain restrictions deemed favourable,

favourable, in the opinion of the nation at large, to the liberties and happiness of the subject. This monarch, so constituted, becomes unfaithful to engagements, accepted with all the formalities of public assent in the presence of the people. He is deprived of his office for this breach of honour and of honesty. Now, whether this sovereign were wrongfully displaced, or with justice; whether this people conducted their proceedings with rigorous propriety and from pure motives, or with a violence and fierceness of usurpation, reprehensible in any supposeable degree you please; is it possible for any man, not cankered by the vilest peculation, not giddy with ambitious projects, not frantic with intemperance of passion; to maintain, by sober argument, a right of interference with the internal œconomy of this country, on the part of any foreign potentate whatever? Are then, indeed, the French justly deemed *assassins*, if they repel by force the sanguinary plunderers and invaders of their territory, who threaten themselves with slavery, their leaders with destruction, and their capital with the lawless vengeance of a ruffian soldiery? Nay, are these people not rather authorised (*I speak after the manner of men*, and upon the professed theories of national politics in the present profligacy of human governments) to

treat those spoilers, as an individual would treat the murderer, who broke into his house to butcher himself and family, and to spoil his goods? " May he that taketh up the sword, perish by the sword ! " I never could contemplate, I freely acknowledge, for myself, the conduct of the confederated league in any other point of view than that, presented in this statement ; and had these bloody ravagers,

" Who shut the gates of mercy on mankind,"

been themselves cut off, root and branch, without commiseration, by the enraged swords of the republicans ; I should have pronounced over their baptism of death the sentence of the Jewish captain : " Your blood be upon your own head ! " " they are guiltless ! " "

neque enim lex æquior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.

Few tears of pity trickled down, few sighs of compassion were breathed out, while Phalaris was bellowing the pangs of death in his own bull.

Upon the whole, nothing now remains but for my Lord Grenville, this Anak among statesmen,
this

this *Lucifer* among the twinkling drops of the political hemisphere, to prepare courtly smiles and phrases of benignity for a fraternal embrace of an ambassador from those execrable regicides, whom he has reviled with every species of contumelious calumny, "foaming out its own shame," in a stile of the coarsest possible vulgarity, that could be raked from the sinks of Billingsgate. For myself, who have exulted in the successes of the French, and the disgrace of their insolent and odious foes, with a keenness of transport not to be described, I have been long prepared to hail the triumphant entry of a republican representative; and shall exclaim, with equal sincerity and rapture,

Dicite, Io Pæan! et Io, bis dicite, Pæan!

Oh! may I live to hail that glorious day,

And sing loud Pæans through the crouded way!

Such a determination, therefore, as this upon the present case, which dignifies *real murderers* with the title of religious champions, and commendable vindicators of peace and order, whilst it calumniates the defenders of their country, their property and their lives, with the atrocious character of *assassins*; is one of those monstrous perversities, which degrade the species itself, and

approximate to a perfect brutalization of rationality.

As for our author's "sanctuary of the tomb," and "his immunities of the dead," &c. these are the canting whimsies of a wild and gloomy imagination; the hypertragical whinings of puerile superstition; the doatings of the nurse, and the bugbears of the infant. Surely the utilities of the living will form the concern of reasonable men; not the inexplicable consolations of the dead.

Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos?

For all is calm in that eternal sleep:

There Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep.

At Shelford, near Nottingham, is the burial-vault of the Earls of Chesterfield. Some years ago, the sexton of that church, who was a tailor by trade, violated "the sanctuary of the tomb," by *cabbing* slices of red velvet from the coffins of the noble sleepers, and selling them for *coat-collars* to his customers. The whole parish was surprised at the quantity of red capes flaunting through the village, and illuminating the country round. At length the vicar, a sagacious and pious man! traced the cause of these flaming exhibitions; and wrote, in terms of the most
piteous

piteous horror and lamentation, to the late Earl upon the subject of such terrific and unhallowed depredation. The witty nobleman administered ghostly comfort to his vicar; exhorted him to moderate the excesses of his sorrow; and to join rather with himself in admiring and commending the provident ingenuity of the tailor, for bringing into light and employing usefully what himself and his ancestors had consigned to eternal darkness and decay.

What our author next advances, here and throughout his pamphlet, of a personal nature merely, in justification of his pension, is in most respects so reasonable, and is altogether conveyed in such melting strains of pathetic eloquence, as might disarm even Malice and Antipathy themselves of a wish to censure. By me at least, the sacred sorrows of true genius, and the disconsolate lamentations of an afflicted father, shall be regarded, not with respect only, but with reverence. I have no wish but to counteract the pernicious tendency of political extravagances and absurdities; and hope, with a warmth of sincerity not exceeded by his dearest friends, that this sun of glory, through a gradual and mild decline, may finally set in peace.

As to the pension of Mr. Burke, if the present ministers, or any other set of men, had come forward to the parliament and the public, in a tone, frank, and manly, and explicit: "Mr. Burke, for a considerable portion of his life, has devoted, in his senatorial capacity, those talents and accomplishments,

"Of which all Europe rings from side to side,"

"to the service of the state, and has benefited his country in some most important instances: it is our wish to recompense the merits of so great a man, and to provide for the repose of his declining years, in a public remuneration, sanctioned by the suffrage of his country; and we apply to that country for this purpose:"—if, I say, a proposal of such a nature had been made, and in some such manner, no man, I will venture to say, would have hinted a single suspicion of dislike. All parties and descriptions would have joined in their applause of a measure, apportioned with discretion, not less honourable to the donors, than the subject of it: nor would the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, I am bold to affirm, been among the last with their expressions of assent, and contributions of esteem. It was the clandestine management and mysterious secrecy of this transaction, not unaccompanied

accompanied by no unreasonable presumption of the wages of apostasy, that justly excited the generous sensations of these noble persons; sympathising in a spirit of the purest patriotism for their exhausted country, and gloriously standing forth as the advocates of œconomy amidst the unbounded prodigalities of ministerial corruption*.

That suspicion of desertion from the cause of liberty, as not wholly coincident and commensurate with conviction, on which I have just touched, was but too powerfully aided by a display of frantic vehemence (characteristic in many instances of proselyte imposture, which endeavours to atone for it's former obliquities by an inordinate shew of zeal in support of it's adopted faction) and a most callous obduracy to the tender sensibilities of former friendship: an obduracy, as I was informed by a friend to the minister and a spectator of this extraordinary scene, that affected the whole assembly with unspeakable disgust and horror at the victim of such wretched passion; and imprinted more deeply on the heart of every observer their love and veneration for the generous affections of Mr. Fox.

* *Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.*

Mr.

Mr. Burke himself should have disdained the mysticism and chicanery of such paltry instruments. He should have felt his life disgraced, his endowments disparaged, and his motives exposeable to the most legitimate imputations of interested accommodation, by accepting on such terms the bounty of men, who seem desirous of seducing converts, only to disgrace them :

“ Hate stronger under shew of love well-feign’d :”

who join with charlatanical imposture the hard-nesses of inhumanity : who forgive the heterodoxies of their new associates, to insure and precipitate their ruin, under the semblance of reconciliation and benignity. They present a branch of myrtle, but under the leaves is a poisoned dagger.

Existing circumstances have been growing for some time past rather too momentous for jocularity ; otherwise, as Cicero somewhere expresses his surprise, that one *augur*, when he meets another, can forbear laughing in his face ; so I have often wondered, that our *state-augurs* can withhold a smile of gaiety at each other, from a consciousness of the grand *humbug*, which they are carrying on with such complete success ; cajoling the country, to enrich themselves. Their conduct reminds me of a pleasant passage in the works of

Pope,

Pope, which might indeed have taught me to suppress my surprise, by furnishing a solution of my perplexity* :

“ It is no wonder in an age of such education
 “ and customs, that, as Thucydides says, *Robbing*
 “ was honoured, provided it were done with
 “ gallantry; and that the ancient poets made
 “ people question one another as they failed,
 “ *if they were thieves?* as a thing, for which
 “ no one ought either to be scorned or up-
 “ braided !”

Thus far the poet.

“ Astronomers have supposed, that if a certain
 “ comet, whose path intersected the ecliptick,
 “ had met the earth in some (I forget what) sign,
 “ it would have whirled us along with it, in it's
 “ excentrick course, into God knows what re-
 “ gions of heat and cold. Had the portentous
 “ comet of the rights of man, (which ‘ from it's
 “ horrid hair shakes pestilence, and war,’ and
 “ with fear of change perplexes Monarchs’)
 “ had that comet crossed upon us in that internal
 “ state of England, nothing human could have
 “ prevented our being irresistibly hurried, out of

* Essay on Homer, sect. iii.

“ the

“ the highway of heaven, into all the vices,
 “ crimes, horrors, and miseries of the French
 “ revolution.”

It is exceedingly to be lamented, that furious bigotry in some, sordid interest, pride of rank, or shallow prejudice in others, should obstruct or pervert their view in the contemplation of the propositions involved in this quotation : or rather, that with too much discernment to be deluded themselves, such numbers should be reduced by bad passions and dangerous pursuits to a false representation of the question for the purpose of deceiving others, and converting their deluded votaries into the instruments of their own ambition and duplicity. The question never subsisted between our present political condition, and the excesses subsequent on the revolution in France. The alternative truly lay, as every man of sense must instantaneously perceive, and every honest mind as instantaneously allow, between the enormous spoils of a licentious administration, and a temperate reform of corruptions, which the most unblushing retainers of a court could not but acknowledge to exist. It was the determined resistance of all reformatations whatsoever, and a perseverance on principle in a scheme of domination, which had deprived the people of even the slender dependence hi-

thereto reposed on the mere shadow of a representative constitution, that made even moderate reformers rise in their demands; and cruel imprisonments and arbitrary persecutions, upon the insufficient evidence of spies and informers, a circumstance of itself sufficient to blast any cause, with a succession of false alarms, and fabricated plots, that drove multitudes from the standard of monarchy to the ranks of republicanism. I confidently assert, with the documents of experience and the dictates of philosophy to bear me out in this assertion, that such a resolute rejection of all proposals for the melioration of a fabric *, which, as human, must necessarily want occasional repairs, and should improve with improving man; I assert, that such a conduct was probably effectual beyond all others, even that so strenuously opposed, and so tragically reviled,

* But *innovation* must be resisted; which, however, as my Lord Bacon observes, *Essay xxiv.* is not more turbulent than a "froward retention of custom:" which remark is preceded by a sentence, fraught with intrinsic wisdom, and extremely pertinent to the present disquisition:

"Surely every medicine is an innovation; and he, that will not apply new remedies, must expect new evils: for Time is the greatest innovator; and, if Time of course alter things to the worse, and Wisdom and Counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?"

to

to bring upon ourselves "the vices, crimes, horrors, and miseries of the French revolution." Such acuteness of distress, as is suffered at this moment from famine and other concomitant disasters of the war, beyond all example and almost all endurance, by the inferior classes of society and the poor pensionaries of public bounty, will naturally create a discontent, in the first instance, with the government, under which they labour; and may ripen to a crisis of despair, that will involve itself and the whole fabric of national existence in carnage and desolation. Things cannot remain stationary long. With the present headstrong infatuation of our rulers, a refuge will and must be sought, in the regular process of physical events, from the pressure of insupportable calamity, either in the fiery ordeal of revolution, or the hideous jaws of devouring despotism:

—Patet immani, et vasto respectat hiatu.

But from despotism, the present state of intellectual advancement among mankind, in union with the monstrous unconstitutional usurpations of our rulers, and the unprincipled extravagance of government expences, are likely,
I think,

I think, to secure the nation, aided by the neighbouring influence of the French republic; not her arms, but the silent and tranquil operation of her principles on our character, our manners and, our policy: an imperceptible efficacious energy! which nothing can preclude, nothing can counteract, and nothing eventually resist. I see that vast, formidable empire, descending, like the Nile, from the mountains of Æthiopia, circling with it's liquid arms the gay fabrics and the spacious deserts of monarchy, aristocracy, and ecclesiastical usurpation. I see that deluge of mighty waters gradually subside into their wonted channel: I see them flow with a majestic tranquillity to the ocean, and all the traces of their former ravages obliterated by one extensive and expanding Paradise of verdure, fertility, and beauty.

It is a subject of grievous anxiety and of truly portentous apprehension, nor in the least degree to us, who have devoted ourselves to the noiseless occupations of sequestered literature,

mutas agitare inglorius artes,

that ignorant and befotted statesmen, swollen with aristocratic haughtiness, or intoxicated with power,

power, should be passively endured to play such a desperate game of hazard with all that is valuable in a community ; and to expose a whole empire to the lawless depredations of the most necessitous and untutored of mankind. And yet the probability of a catastrophe, so truly tremendous even in idea, is growing daily more and more presumable, from our disastrous perseverance in measures, commenced with insanity, pursued with ferocity, and continued from despair. These are melancholy forebodings ; but cannot be too earnestly inculcated, nor too seriously recommended to the full reflection of my countrymen. The reception of such warnings with ridicule, or disregard, will only add to my presumption of their validity, from that singular self-delusion and insensate blindness, inseparable from the promoters of alarming revolutions on the eve of their appearance. If the prime actors in these scenes of madness “ were aware “ that such a thing might happen, such a thing “ never could happen :” their fears would surmount their obstinacy, and lead them to relent, in seasonable concessions, and gradual reformation.

Sed tamen effabor ; dictis dabit ipsa fidem res
Forſitan, et graviter terrarum motibus orbis

Omnia

Omnia conquassari in parvo tempore cernes.
 Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans;
 Et ratio potius, quam res persuadeat ipsa
 Succidere horrifono posse omnia victa fragore.

Alas! the extravagant rampancy of haughty rulers is but too apt to regard the mass of mankind as beasts of burden, brought into the world with bridles in their mouths, and saddles on their backs, ready to be ridden with whip and spur by the nurslings of royalty, the descendants of nobility, and the sable successors of the order of Melchisedech!

The remainder of this extraordinary pamphlet consists of *five* several divisions. In the *first* is contained a statement and vindication of the writer's political exertions in the service of his country, with a detail of the difficulties, opposed to his projects, from the prejudices of individuals and the peculiar embarrassments of the times. Such an air of generous self-estimation, but attempered with modesty; such an appearance of sincerity, that disdains a surrender of its own worth to the suggestions of false shame, pervades this division, as impresses on the face of the narrative a stamp of authenticity, that will ensure its currency with dispassionate and candid readers. I myself at least both wish it, and

D

believe

believe it, to be true. A *second* portion is employed on the Duke of Bedford and other particulars connected with him. A *third* is consecrated to the dirge of parental piety over a son of his fondest love. Here indeed are breathed the sighs of immortality ! Here are poured, in sorrowful profusion,

Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead !

A *fourth* division fulminates a storm of invective, black and loud, upon the revolutionists of France ; and the last is occupied in the illustration of Lord Kepple's character : a most striking eulogy, such as could scarcely have been hoped from the fondest friendship of this inimitable artist, on his magnanimity, his abilities, and his private and public virtues. On *two* of these topics, I shall presume to subjoin a few free remarks ; after premising, that the entire composition rolls forward in a flood of fire, deep, flaming, and impetuous ; involving every object within the vast embrace of it's expansion in one general conflagration. On the French revolution in particular, which lays every energy of his writhing spirit on the rack of agony, his exertions are in a style of terrible sublimity, that thrills to the very marrow of the soul with a pleasing horror :
a sub-

a sublimity, in my estimation, without a parallel in the repositories of mortal eloquence.

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit * !

But, as eloquence is no convertible term for either truth or candour, when we feel our souls disenchantèd by time and reflection from the forceries of the tongue ; let us find leisure for a disinterested appeal from the impetuosity of passion to the sobriety of judgement ; and consider, whether his remarks on the Duke of Bedford be compatible either with Truth, with Honour, or with Virtue.

As no circumstances and connections of my life have introduced me to an experimental knowledge of this noble person, (though, if I were inclined to expatiate beyond my practical information, I could extol one transcendent excellence upon the highest credibility, and of

* My commendations here, and elsewhere, must be understood to respect the *general spirit* of the sentiments, and the *absolute* vigour and richness of expression ; not the *collocation* of the words, or the arrangement of the clauses. For in these respects there are many unchastised improprieties of grammar and construction ; there is much slovenliness and frequent ambiguity ; the result, perhaps, of haste and negligence. In these particulars, Mr. Burke can support no competition with the best writers of antiquity.

which my mind from the nature of the evidence is perfectly assured :

Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni :

without any conviction that will authorise on my part the imputation of a single vice) I shall refrain myself within the circumference of his public character, and descant on those overt acts of political exertion, notorious to the world at large.

And here surely an ingenuous observer will find ample materials for the purest praise, and bid defiance at the same time to all suspicion of insinuating artifice and interested adulation.

In the midst of a predominant consternation, that has befotted the intellects of nobility, and perverted the organs of their intellectual sight, in consequence of a disposition to behold the sun of truth, broken and distorted on the troubled waters of Gallic fury ; the Duke of Bedford has preserved his mind in a calm of dispassionate neutrality : his feelings have continued without distemper, and his perspicacity unclouded. He, doubtless, with all the children of Virtue and Benevolence and Sensibility, has viewed with
sensations

sensations of the deepest anguish, with shuddering nerves and with a bleeding heart, the ferocious atrocities of that unhappy people ; atrocities, unexampled, I believe, in the sanguinary register of human crimes ; atrocities, on which to dwell with deliberate contemplation were an insupportable agony of spirit.

— cui non conrepunt membra pavore ?

But his magnanimity and discernment have conspired to instruct him, how to separate the *actors* from the *cause* ; to distinguish the genuine philosophical consequences of radical reformation, from the local, national, and educational peculiarities of the reformers. *He* has been fortunate enough to discover, with other intelligent, unprejudiced, and honest men, a variety of reasons, operative to these excesses, unconnected with the severest principles of equality ; reasons, not essentially interwoven with the broadest system of universal Liberty. The grievous oppressions of that people under the bloody rod of their despotic taskmasters, requiring brick, but furnishing no straw ; an insolent and profligate noblesse, yet unmollified by poverty and exile, absorbing the vital nutriment of the country, so that their fleece alone grew wet, when all around them was dryness and sterility :

gross and despicable mummeries of superstition at once the parent and the child of ignorance and vice, each producing and springing from the other with reciprocal operation: these, and other concurrent causes, not difficult to develop and enumerate, with some probably unknown to me, carried their untutored minds, once unfettered and put in motion, under the impulse also of their former sufferings, down the steep of licentiousness and cruelty with accelerated precipitation. To expect a well regulated political œconomy, without tumult, without violence, without bloodshed, to establish itself at once in such untoward circumstances, amidst such a conflict of discordant sentiments, opposing interests, and un-illuminated prepossessions, is unphilosophical, and inconsequent; a solecism in political reasoning disgraceful to the most despicable intellect, or the very excess of inexperience and puerility. Immure a man in the gloomy recesses of a dungeon; where, for a succession of years, no light, save the casual glimmerings of a star, or the pale glances of the moon, shall render visible the palpable darkness, that environs him: tell me, will such an one be able to encounter the broad beam of day, and much less the meridian blazes of the sun, without giddiness of brain and a temporary extinction of his sight? This, if I mistake not,

not, may be justly deemed the condition of the French at the crisis under contemplation. But no peculiarities of this nature (or in an incomparably less degree) accompanied the state of English polity and manners, so as to authorise an indiscriminate abuse and horror of French principles, upon a rational expectation of the same result in this country, from similar efforts of reformers. A long twilight of liberty had prepared our eyes to meet the emergence of open day without dizziness and stupefaction. Though the filthy scum of human authority and hierarchical domination, with some absurdities of less extensive operation, still floated on the surface of our religious system, the grosser dregs of Popish corruption were effectually drawn off: Christianity was not confined to the mere externals of ostentatious ceremony, but served as a trunk to support and nourish a rational morality, connecting itself with the businesses and bosoms of mankind; and our religion was generally regarded not as a visionary mysticism, and a cloak for hypocrisy and crimes, but as a rule of life.

These are a few, amongst a multiplicity of circumstances, that seemed a probable barrier against the dreadful effects, so justly abhorred, but so irrationally apprehended here; circum-

stances that might be deemed to render us capable of reaping the fruits of reformation, without previously tasting the bitterness of the root.

Behold then, with this preliminary provision full before us, a spectacle, viewed in all its dependencies and connections, of no ordinary grandeur. A young nobleman, of the highest rank, the most splendid ancestry, and the amplest fortune, standing aloof from nearly an universal panic of his peers, at a time when the basest arts of ministerial intrigue had deluded the public sentiment into a confusion of constitutional freedom with levelling democracy, and had made even an opposition to slaughter and devastation a source of obloquy and danger: behold him asserting with a firm decision of character, with prompt elocution, and cogent reasoning, those maxims of civil polity, that placed the Brunswic family on the throne; condemning with indignant energy the gross depravity of ministers; and reprobating that ardent thirst of war which appeared, from the fierceness of their threats and the envenomed acrimony of their malice, to admit of no abatement, but by quenching its fervours in the inundation of a whole country with the blood of its inhabitants. It were easy to have exhibited this picture of
firmness,

firmness, and good sense, much more at length, and in all its attitudes, if an obvious reason, which respects myself, did not suggest the prudence of forbearance on this occasion. But neither the whispers of unmanly shame, nor coward apprehension from a charge of adulation, shall betray me into a real impropriety, by studying to avoid an imaginary indecorum; nor shall Mr. Burke, with all the fascinations of his eloquence, seduce me from an high admiration and warm applause of the Duke of Bedford's conduct. From the shield of ætherial temper, presented by such public Virtue, such disinterested Patriotism, even the furious lance of that flower of chivalry, the weapon of mere mortal passion, falls innoxious to the ground.

—— postquam arma dei ad Vulcania ventum est,
Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futilis, ictu
Diffiluit: fulvâ resplendent fragmina arenâ.

To pass over without notice those sarcastical asperities on royal grants and transmitted property, surely not perfectly consistent in an avowed champion of nobility; and to dismiss unchastised those coarsenesses of phraseology, not very honourable, I think, to such exquisite elegance of taste; I would ask simply, is it decorous, is it generous, is it manly, is it *innocent*, to promote
an

an odium on the Duke of Bedford, from the supposed frailties of his progenitors, and from irrelative incidental peculiarities of their private or political condition *? What high and copious panegyric on the Duke, that through his remote ancestors alone, his character should be deemed vulnerable! And what a satire is this extraneous digression on the head and heart of Mr. Burke! On his *head*, for attempting to associate two things so totally unconnected and dissimilar, as present worth and antediluvian infirmities, with an expectation too of duping his readers by such a flimsy artifice: on his *heart*, for a torrent of impotent and inapplicable defamation, calculated to debauch the judgement and inflame the malignant passions of his readers.

“ The Duke of Bedford conceives, that he is
 “ obliged to call the attention of the House of
 “ Peers to his Majesty’s grant to me, which he
 “ considers is excessive and out of all bounds.”

And the Duke of Bedford is, I think, abundantly justifiable in this assertion, and deserving of applause, for the spirit, which prompted him to make it. Mr. Burke! there must be some-

* Nobilis hic, quocunque venit de gramine. Juv.

thing culpable, it should appear to me, either in the disposition, or the conduct, of a man of letters, to wish or require so large a sum for the satisfaction of his exigencies. A philosopher, like you, should have inured himself to circumscribe his wants, and moderate every enjoyment purely personal, with jealous circumspection and a principled scrupulosity.

Quod si quis verâ vitam ratione gubernet,
Divitiæ grandes homini sunt vivere parce
Æquo animo.

Consider, I beseech you, how many students, not gifted indeed with a tythe of your genius, but in learning and in labour not much inferior, your pension would make affluently rich, and happy to the fullest extension of their desires. Condescend to institute for one moment a comparison between your enormous grant, and the rule of sufficiency prescribed by one, well known to you, for men of your intellectual and sublimed character :

————— mensura tamen quæ
Sufficiat censûs, si quis me consulat, edam :
In quantum sitis, atque fames, et frigora poscunt ;
Quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis suffecit in hortis ;
Quantum Socratici ceperunt ante penates.

Make

Make this comparifon, I fay ; and then judge whether you have not difgraced yourfelf, the caufe of letters, and the tenour of your life, by the acceptance of fo vaft a fum, when multitudes of your deferving countrymen, from this glorious war of order, of religion, and of humanity, are pining in diftreffs, unnoticed and unknown ; fhivering with cold, and perifhing with famine. Your perfonal dignity, that genius, that fcience, that ftore of literary accomplifhments, which are all likewife your's in accumulated meafure, “ preffed down and running “ over ;” have contracted, I fear, a ftain of indelible difhonour. Either you have never fufficiently impreffed on your mind that dignified fentiment of Pythagoras,

παντων δε μαλιστα αισχυνοει σαυτον .

or you muft have fuffered a temporary rafure of this invaluable maxim from the tablet of your memory. You, of all mankind, fhould have been aware, that even the benevolence of *gracious kings* might confer but ignominy on EDMUND BURKE. Reflect alfo, Sir ! that it is a duty of philofophers and Chriftians, to raife ourfelves, after the utmoft capacity of our frail natures, to a refemblance of the Divinity itfelf. “ Be ye
6 “ therefore

“ therefore perfect, even as your Father, which
 “ is in heaven, is perfect.” True greatness and
 superiority of character consist in contracting the
 sphere of our wants, and in the diminution of
 their number. The man of fewest desires, and
 those desires within the compass of his own
 abilities to satisfy, exhibits the noblest pattern
 of genuine philosophy, and the closest approxima-
 tion to sublimer natures. But the depraved taste
 of Mr. Burke may be concluded to regard with
 more admiration “ the glory of Solomon, than
 “ the lily of the field.”

With respect to Mr. Burke's renewed invectives on the French, they are virulent, they are furious, they are infernal, to the utmost capabilities of language. But, whether these torrent eruptions of outrageous zeal proclaim more loudly the powers of the head, or the perversities of the heart, is a problem beyond my materials of moral demonstration to resolve. To his vigour of conception, his comprehension and vivacity of thought, his energies of phrase, his accumulations of original and striking imagery, it is difficult for conjecture to fix a limit : but his acrimony, his phrenzies, his absurdities, his misrepresentations, and his inconsistencies, have also certainly no bounds. This seems a parallel
 case

case to that stated by Sir Richard Steele between the hierarchy of Rome and the church of England: the one is infallible, and the other is never in the wrong. It is the case, with an exception of variation in their predominant accomplishment, of immortal Marlborough, as estimated by the poet of my affection:

In each, how guilt and greatness equal ran;
And all, that rais'd the hero, sunk the man!

When this *Jupiter fulminans* of literature is discharging all the artillery of heaven (as if it should be hell) against France;

Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli; Juv.

whilst he is darting from a black storm of wrath his thunder and his lightnings on the republicans; whilst he endeavours to disparage these shattered victims of his vengeance by contrasting the sonorous vocabulary of "the *Turennes*, the "*Luxembourgs*, and the *Boufflers*," with the more humble and vulgar names of "the *Pichègrus* and "*Fourdans*;" his impotence of passion not only depraves his judgement*, but betrays his memory.

* Nitimini cohonestare res turpes, atque, omnibus argutiarum modis pro rebus subditis, verborum invertitis corrumpitisque

mory. Perhaps, the *Brunswicks*, and the *Cobourgs*, and the *Clairfayes*, and the *Wirtemburgs*, may sound as big, and may have fought as well, but in much bloodier and more glorious fields, as these *Turennes*, *Luxembourgs*, and *Boufflers* : and yet the *Jourdans* and the *Pichegrus*, to the most perfect contentment of my heart ;

————— O ! colendi
Semper, et culti !

these ignoble fans-culottes, I say, have exhibited, in those mighty heroes of nobility, a most delectable exemplification of that solid and indisputable maxim :

The man that fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day.

What ? Is not Mr. Burke aware, that it may be with *generalship*, as it is, and has often been, with *eloquence* and *learning* ?

————— imâ ex plebe Quiritem
Facundum invenies : solet hic defendere causas
Nobilis indocti : veniet de plebe togatâ,
Qui juris nodos et legum ænigmata solvat.

rumpitisque naturas ; atque, ut olim accidere male fanis solet, quorum turbida vis morbi sensum atque intelligentiam depulit, confusa atque incerta jactatis, et inania per rerum fragmenta bacchamini. ARNOBIUS.

When

When Marshal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim; "My Lord Duke," says the Marshal, "you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world." "*I hope,*" replied the Duke, "*you except those who have had the honour of beating them.*"

Let us be insulted no more with such boisterous nothingness, with such ineffably contemptible bombast. Our own eyes tell us in the Grenvilles and the Pitts, that *heaven-born ministers* exist: and why not *generals* of the same æthetrical extraction?

"However, let his Grace think as he may of my demerits with regard to a war with regicide, he will find my guilt confined to that alone. He never shall, with the smallest colour of reason, accuse me of being the author of a peace with regicide."

If I, a *swinish plebeian*, may be allowed to personate Herod the king, for a single moment, "This is Paul unregenerate, *breathing out threatenings and slaughter*, risen from the dead." What a frightful contrast have we here, between Jesus of Nazareth, and Edmund Burke! When
Christ

Christ came into the world, *peace* was *sung** :
 when he left the world, *peace* was *bequeathed*†.
 But War, bloody, savage, unrelenting, extermin-
 ating War,

————— horrid king ! besmeared with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears—

is the frantic cry, the uniform proclamation, of
 this infatuated, questionable prophet of aristo-
 cracy :

War first, war last, war midst, and without end ‡.

A peace with *regicides* ! What then would Mr.
 Burke have thought, had he been a French-
 man, of a peace with *HOMICIDES* ? If a man
 were compelled to make his horrid choice, would
 he not prefer for himself the single decapitation
 of poor unhappy Louis, to swelling with his war-
 whoop that terrific yell, which was the prelude
 to the massacre, perhaps, of no less than two

* Luke ii. 13, 14.

† John xiv. 27.

‡ We may represent to our imaginations this spurious
 disciple of a meek and lowly Saviour, pouring forth his
 devotional ejaculations to his grim idol, as he is a scholar, in
 terms something like the following :

Ω Πολεμε, κρυερον Σατανα τεκνον, η ποτε σειο

Λησομαι, αρχομενον, ηδ' αγαπαυομενον.

Αλλ' αιει πρωτον τε, και υστατον, εν τε μεσοισιν

Αεισω· συ δ' εμεν κλυθι, και εσθλα διδου.

E

MILLIONS

MILLIONS of human beings? many of them, in their individual capacity, of more worth than all the kings in Christendom; and to whom life was as sweet and valuable *, as to the proudest monarch on a throne. Surely, surely, Mr. Burke! it is better that *one axe* should be uncased for a few solitary victims of royal birth, than that *myriads of swords* should leap from their scabbards for the assassination of such multitudes of men.

Though I speak thus freely, under the irresistible incentives of undisputed and important truths, I feel myself, and shall be deemed sincere by those who know me, as deeply impressed by the unparalleled calamities of that unhappy family, as the generality of susceptible minds. But for those advocates of blood, who could rejoice over the destruction of their fellow-creatures, and detail, with exaggerated malignity, the slaughters of the French in their gazettes, with all the exultation of a Cyclops, belching the crudities of human victims, and besmeared with their gore:—for beings like these, I say, to talk of *their*

* Οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ ψυχῆς ἀνταξίον, εἰδ' ὅσα φασιν

Ἰλίον ἐκτεσθαι——

Hom. Il. ix. 401.

and the whole of that divine passage. .

compassion

compassion for Louis and his family, and *their* detestation of the cruelties exercised upon them *, is the most audacious insult on the common sense and feelings of humanity within my knowledge. After a complexion of absurd inconsistency, not less odious and contemptible, are the commendations lavished on Mr. Wilberforce for his exertions in behalf of slavery: that politico-theological Satyr! who with one breath can cool the burning anguish of the African, and with another, in the same instant, can blast the spring from the year†, by giving his vote to an abandoned minister for the extirpation of half the youth of Europe by the sword! Men, like these, are possessed (it is impossible!) of no true, substantial, fundamental religion whatsoever, seated either in the understanding or the heart. Their God is Moloch; their Christ, a fanatic juggler; their faith, credulity; their religion, a

* Jam dudum me fateor, reputantem mecum in animo rerum hujuscemodi monstra, solitum esse mirari, audere vos dicere quenquam ex his atheum, irreligiosum, sacrilegum: cum, si verum fiat atque habeatur examen, nullos quam vos magis hujuscemodi par sit appellationibus nuncupari.

ARNOBIUS.

† —ως Περικλής εφη, την νεότητα, την απολομενην εν τω πολεμω, ούτως ηφαισθαι εκ της πηλως, ως περ ει τις το εαρ εκ τῶ ενιαυτοῦ ἐξελοι.

DION. HAL, *de Demost. et Aristot. sect. 8.*

ceremonial

ceremonial of paltry services ; and their morality, a complication of all unrighteousness. They are indeed the bitterest enemies of Jesus, and the grossest libel on his dispensation.

I now close these strictures with a simple declaration that, whatever conclusion any reader may choose to infer from the spirit of this pamphlet, not one syllable throughout was prompted by native malignity of heart ; not one sentiment was thrown off by the effervescence of malevolent emotion against Mr. Burke, or any being that exists : so help me God ! My sole incentive was, an unmingled antipathy to vice ; an antipathy which I will manifest, unseduced by interest, and unterrified by consequences, 'till the touch of Death shall chill the brain that dictates, and stiffen the hand that executes, together. Part of this declaration the suffrage of my friends will ratify ; my condition in life proclaims the rest.

Hackney, Feb. 28, 1796.

THE END.